

Wichita Daily Eagle

IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOME.

Thoughts of a Traveler Writing Near the Resting Place of the Poet.

A man may take pen and ink and write of a place as he will, and the page will likely enough be a pretty honest index to his own temperament. But never will it do for another man's reliance. So let it be confessed that for a day we searched Stratford streets and found nothing of the Shakespeare that we sought. Neither in the famous birthplace in Henley street—restored "out of all whopping"—cramped with worthless mementos, and pended over with lesser names; nor in the fussy, inept Memorial theater; nor in the New place, where certain holes protected with wire gratings mark what may have been the foundation of Shakespeare's house—in none of these could we find him.

His name echoed in the market place, on the lips of guide and sightseer, and shone on monuments, shops, inns and banking houses. His effigies were everywhere—in photographs, in statuettes, now doing duty as a tobacco box (with the bald head removable), now as a trade mark for beer. And even while we despised these things the fault was ours. All the while the colossal stood high above, while we "walked under his huge legs and peep'd about," too near to see.

Nor until we strolled over the meadows to Aunt Hathaway's cottage at Shottery did understanding come with the quiet falling of the day. Rarely enough, and never but in the while between sunset and twilight, may a man hear the sky and earth breathing together, and drawing his own small breath antiphonally in tune with them, "feel that he is greater than he knows." But here and at this hour it happened to us that, our hearts being uplifted, we could measure Shakespeare for a moment; could know him for the puissant intelligence that held communion with all earth and sky, and all mortal aspirations that rise between them, and knew him also for the Stratford youth treading this very footpath beside this sweet smelling hedge toward those elms a mile away, where the red light lingers, and the cottage below them, where already in the window Aunt Hathaway turns her lamp.

You are to believe that our feet trod airily across those meadows and our talk was worth listening to. And at the cottage, old Mrs. Baker, last living descendant of the Hathaways, was pleased with our reverent behavior, and picked for each of us a parting sprig of rosemary from her garden for remembrance. God keep her memory as green and as fragrant!

It was easy now to forgive all that before had seemed unworthy in Stratford; easy next morning, standing before Shakespeare's monument, while the sun, colored by the eastern window, fell on one particular slab within the chancel rails, to live back for a moment to that April morning when a Shakespeare had passed from the earth, and earth "must mourn therefore," to follow his coffin on its short journey from the New church to the burial place, some of the church walk, out of the sunlight into the lasting shadow, up the dim nave to this spot; and easy to divine, in the quaint epitaph so often quoted, the man's passionate dead lest his bones might be flung in time to the common channel house, the passionate longing to lie here always in this dusky corner, close to his friends and kin and the familiar voices that meant home—the talk of birds in the near elms, the chant of Holy Trinity choir, and night and day, but a stone's throw from his resting place, the whisper of Avon running near his lamp.

For even the wayfarer finds Stratford a hard place to part from. And looking back as we left her, so kindly, so full of memories, giving her haunted streets, her elms and riverside to the sunshine, but guarding always as a mother the shrine of her great son, I know she will pardon my light words—A. T. Quiller Couch in Harper's.

Humorous New York Boys.
The fence on the Eighth avenue side of the Manhattan city grounds, between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh streets, is always covered with theatrical posters. For a few days a large and highly colored picture representing the death of the heroine in a melodrama attracted the attention of passers by. The picture showed a woman in life size, and the words "She is dead" appear as coming from the lips of a man who is standing over her.

One evening two small boys paused in front of the picture. They were ragged and dirty, but pert and quick witted, as most New York gamins are. "That's an unbecoming picture," remarked one, moving up and down the street. Suddenly, with voices pitched in a shrill key, the archers began to cry. Each one rubbed his grimy fists in his eyes and danced about as if in pain. Louder and louder grew their yells as their physical emotions increased in vehemence. Money stopped and gazed as the boys in amazement. Soon a good sized crowd blocked up the sidewalk, and still the archers kept up their racket.

A sympathetic young woman touched one of the boys on the shoulder and said: "Little boy, what is the matter? Tell me, and perhaps I can help you?"

"No yer can't," blubbered the lad between yells.

"Why not? What is it?" asked the sympathetic lady.

"Cause she's dead!" shrieked the boy, pointing to the picture, and then he and his companions gave vent to peals of derisive laughter such as only New York boys can emit. The crowd speedily dissolved.—New York Times.

The Gorgeous Theater.
It is much to be desired that actors should be duly protected against the laches of unscrupulous employers, and against the perils of insatiable dressing rooms and of ill constructed theaters; complaints such matters are, unfortunately, only too well founded. There are, especially in the smaller provincial towns, numberless actors, who, for the sake of a few dollars, save the market—whose capital consists of a limited stock of picture posters, probably obtained on credit, and unlimited stock of fanate effrontery.

Small as are the salaries they covet to pay their actors, they seldom disburse them in full, while an insidious system of proclaiming the end of a season in one town, and inviting applications for reengagement in the next enables them to saddle their unhappy company with the cost of any unusually expensive railway journey.

Again, those who only play the part of audiences in our theaters little know how apt is sanitary and architectural reform to stop short on their side of the footlights. There are theaters, gorgeous as to their foyers and corridors with gilding and electric lights, whose sanitary arrangements behind the scenes would disgrace a hotel, whose stages communicate with the street by passages so tortuous that a stranger's chances of threading the labyrinth amid fire and smoke would be well nigh hopeless. The bogle manager and the insatiable theater are certainly ill which cry aloud for remedy.—Saturday Review.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Shotgun Shells.
A practical joke was played by an ex-Confederate officer, Colonel Aylett, upon some of his old companions in arms. He had a company of friends at his country place, near Richmond, and one evening a display of fireworks was announced. Toward the close of the evening Colonel Aylett called me and two or three other young fellows to him and said, "I want you to help me fool some of the old soldiers, if you will."

"Of course we jumped at the chance, and asked for orders.
"What I mean to do," he said, "is to make these veterans believe that I am shooting bombshells from my shotgun. Here are some giant firecrackers. Each of you take two of them, go down into the field, spread yourselves out in a line about a hundred yards apart, and listen for the bang. I shall aim at you in rotation, and as soon as you see the flash of the gun, the one whose turn it is must throw a cracker into the air as high as possible, so that it will explode before reaching the ground."

We slipped away in the darkness, and the guests were invited out upon the lawn to see the colored shot some small bombshells from his gun.
The signal was given, and the gun was fired. In a few seconds a bright flash was seen in the air, and a loud explosion followed. The shots were repeated until six had been fired.
We could hear the exclamations that followed each discharge, and in a few minutes were back again, mingling with the crowd and listening to the comments of the veterans.

"It reminded them of the war," they said. "Some of them could tell the truth from the flight of the shell from the instant it left the gun until it exploded."
We begged Colonel Aylett not to undervalue them, but he declared that it would be wrong to leave them under a false impression. The whole affair showed what strange pranks imagination will sometimes play with sober reason.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

The Resurrection Bone.
Throughout the Middle Ages it was believed that there exists in man a bone impendable, incorruptible, indestructible, the necessary nucleus of the resurrection body. Belief in a resurrection of the physical body, despite St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, had been incorporated into the formula made many centuries after his time, and called the Apostles' Creed, and was held throughout Christendom, "al ways, everywhere, and by all."
This hypothetical bone was therefore held in great veneration, and many anatomists sought to discover it, but Vesalius, revealing so much else, did not find it, and was therefore suspected of a want of proper faith. He contented himself with saying that he left the question regarding the existence of such a bone to the theologians. He could not lie, he would not wish to fight the Inquisition, and thus he fell under suspicion.

The strength of this theological point may be judged from the fact that no less eminent a surgeon than Riolan consulted the executioner to find out whether, when he burned a criminal, all the parts were consumed, and only then was the answer received which fatally undermined this superstition. Yet in 1693 we find it still lingering in France, creating an energetic opposition in the church to dissection.
Even as late as the Eighteenth century, Bernoulli having shown that the living human body constantly undergoes a series of changes, so that all its particles are renewed in a given number of years, so much ill feeling was drawn upon him, especially from the theologians, who saw in this statement danger to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, that for the sake of peace he struck out an argument on this subject from his collected works.
Andrew D. White in Popular Science Monthly.

Whistling for a Wind.
There is nothing so tedious, so aggravating, as the whistling for a wind. Drift, drift, day after day, the great burning sun overhead reflected by the waters until the eye becomes wearied with the eternal brightness. The sailor goes about his work listlessly. Not so the officer of the deck. He paces the poop with a quiet, even step, "whistling for a wind."

He is scanning the horizon north, south, east and west, carefully noting every little patch of clouds and whistling with all of his soul for a wind. This is one of the old, old superstitions of the sailor, one of the beliefs which has been traced hither and thither, but never to the proposition of the gods. It probably had its origin in the impotence of the mariner who, while his vessel lay drifting idly in the "Zone of Calms," remembered with regret the noxious meaning, shrieking and whistling of the winds in the more favored spots on the map, and involuntarily tried to imitate it.
And this supposition is strengthened by the character of the whistling, for it must be remembered that the bearded sailor does not whistle "Annie Laurie" or any of the popular songs of the day. The tone is a series of monotonous "whistles" is a series of polyglot sounds that would set a magpie wild with envy. He does not aim at rhythm, but ejects his puffs of air in long and short notes, now high, now low, like the sounds produced by the wind blowing through the ropes of the rigging.—St. Louis Republic.

Mirrors in New York Apartment Houses.
As you enter one of the new apartment houses near Thirty-fourth street and Lexington avenue you find yourself in a bewildering maze of gilded columns, immense plate glass mirrors and dazzling electric lights. You seem to be in a vast hall, stretching away for hundreds of feet to the right and left, and illuminated by a thousand lamps.
You think you are in fairyland until the grinning face of a shaven-headed negro in the distance recalls you to Murray Hill. He is the elevator conductor, and he takes a personal pride in the bewildering brilliancy of his surroundings and its effect on chance visitors. He piloted a stranger along the tiled floor to his car the other day with many grimaces and chuckles and cautions not to walk "free de looking glass." On each side of the hall near the

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Are now ready for business. Keep a Full Line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Woodenware and Notions.

A TRAGEDY OF THE BOWERY.
Sensational Murder and Suicide in a Concert Dive.
"For money, not kisses, wins love," sang Ida Brevoort in a New York Bowery concert hall one night recently. Ten minutes afterward she was shot dead in her dressing room by a young man, who immediately turned the pistol upon himself and fell lifeless at her side!

Bed are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well to do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves, soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

A Hard Customer to Sell.
Two drummers were relating the experiences of their last trip. Said one: "I ran across a country storekeeper in the southern part of this state that broke all records. He is a hard customer, and no one can sell to him. When I got in his store the other day I made up my mind I'd give him a line of goods—make him a present of them, mind you, just for the satisfaction of selling them in his store. Well, I laid out some samples and gave him a fair price. He hesitated, and I lowered the figures. Presently I told him that he could have them at his own price, and pay for them in thirty, sixty, ninety days or two years. I told him to take the goods, then when he got ready pay for them. He wanted to think of it. That was enough to stun a fellow, but I let it go at that and called in the afternoon.
"Made up your mind?" I asked.
"Not exactly," he answered slowly.
"You will let me have them at my own price, and pay for them when I get ready?"
"That's the proposition."

It is that the best you can do," he drawled out. "Well, I didn't tell this to the firm, but I slammed the door in his face and ran down the street."—Chicago Herald.

Filling a Particular Order.
It was in the dog days, so, ordering dinner, he made it a special stipulation that one dish should be an ice pudding. The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and disappeared. In due course the dinner disappeared also, at least as far as the roasts and entrees were concerned. "Now," said the host, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, "bring in the ice pudding." The waiter vanished, and presently returned, bearing triumphantly a noble plum pudding, surrounded by a sea of blazing sauce.
"What, what is this?" asked the dismayed master of the feast. "Do you want to burn us all up?"
"Well, sir," was the apologetic reply, "you asked for a nice pudding, and this is the nicest pudding we could make."—London Truth.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Valpein, who was the son of a farmer, and whose early education had been entirely neglected, had to study his own language besides Latin, Greek, history, geography, physics, chemistry, botany, a number of preliminary subjects during his five year of medical study, and successfully passed examinations in them all.
Minnie Hank's husband, Count Ernest de Hesse-Warburg, is a writer and scientist of more than ordinary ability and reputation. He has traveled extensively in North and South America and in Europe and Africa, and belongs to many scientific societies in Europe and this country.

THE FIGURE SPEAKS.

WHAT THE GIRL WHO "TRIES ON" HAS TO SAY ABOUT HER WORK.

Wearing Fine Clothes May Be Pleasant, but the Degree of Satisfaction Depends on Whether You Own Them or Not. Conversation of a "Figure."

"I sometimes wish my good looks were in my face," said the pockmarked girl. "It would be awful nice to have my eyes blue instead of green, and my mouth little instead of big. However, since that wasn't to be so, I'm glad I ain't so scrawny as some girls that ain't but looking in the face. Folks try to comfort me by saying that there are a dozen pretty faces to one real good figure, but the best consolation I get is the twelve dollars a week that my figure brings me in, now that I've got a place. If I was just one inch taller I'd have got one without any trouble; but though I wear the very tightest belted shoes I can find, still I ain't tall enough to suit some of them. Who are them? Why, the bosses in cloak places, of course. You don't think I pose for art classes, do you? Not much, I don't. I'm a figure, not a model."

"Cannot add a cubit to my stature? I don't want to add a cubit, whatever that may be, to my stature, but I'd like to be just an inch taller. I'm all right in other matters—thirty-eight inches in the bust and twenty-three inches in the waist, with nicely sloping shoulders and a long enough neck—short necks are the trouble with a good many that would like to be figures, and a good many more are all right except for their big waists."

"Now, some of the girls say I'm laced tight because my waist is so small in comparison with my shoulders, but I ain't so; nobody ever saw me puff and pant as girls do who tie one of their corsets loose to the bedpost and pull for all they are worth on the other."

"An easy berth I've got? Well, yes, it is easy work in comparison with that some other girls have to do for half the money; but I have the care of the fine stock, and it weighs on my mind, I can tell you, to be held responsible for all them high priced sarques and wraps. And then the constant trying on! It's true my hours are from 9 till 5, but even my salary is as well as the black satin dresses that I wear in the shop. Yes, of course they furnish the dresses. I'd like to see myself, with a salary of twelve dollars a week, buying my own silks and satins, for they wear out awful quick under the constant putting on and pulling off of sarques and wraps."

"No, I don't do any trying on in the workshop. Figures are expected to do that in smaller establishments, but in our place it is as much as I can do to try on for customers. Sometimes there will be as many as five ladies standing around waiting to see how sarques that they have taken a fancy to will look on me. From 9 o'clock till 5 it is usually try on and try on, with hardly any let up, and sometimes I've been near fainting when a woman would think, but I've stood it out, because my salary is so good, and I don't want to be in business. No, I don't have to stand still."

"I almost always walk up and down the room to show off the things, and while the customers are looking at me and passing remarks, I am expected to look just as sweet, and smiling, and as if I were a dummy in the window, no matter what they may be saying. Not always complimentary? You just ought to hear 'em! Sometimes they will say that everybody can see I am a made up figure or I wouldn't be so stiff. I figure arounded sort say that my shoulders ain't too much, and what would fit me wouldn't fit them. I should hope not!"

"The stout ones say that it is inhuman to keep me laced up so tight—that I'd have a twenty-eight-inch waist if I was laid out. The awful talk comes from the fact that a woman's figure looks like when they see it on such a squatty figure, and some who walk like cows themselves say they could form a better judgment of a cloak if they saw it on a graceful person."

"I'd like to know if anybody but an actress could walk natural with so many folks staring at her all the time. Frown 'em down? I daresn't. A figure has got to be bouched, and as matters stand it makes against me, I can tell you, that I ain't no better looking in the face."

"Our business booming, you think? Well, it ain't bad, but, of course, you know there's a dozen cloaks tried on for one that is sold, and sometimes for none that's sold. Time and again I've tried on cloak after cloak for customers that had no more idea of buying 'em than I have of buying the moon. You may say it is all in a day's work, and I hadn't ought to mind it, but when the buyer scolds the salesladies for not selling more cloaks, some of 'em has a way of blaming it onto me, telling him I leave all the talk to them about their being warm and comfortable and at the same time tight and stylish."

"I'd feel like it, wouldn't I, say on a hot day in September, praisin' up Newmarkets and seakins sarques and such things that I'm nearly suffocated in! Yes, we are awful busy in September selling our imported articles to the buyers and our store, and my work lasts on later into the summer than you might think; so many folks buy when the season is over, so as to get things cheap.
I hardly ever go on my vacation before the last week in June. Some of the girls in our place say I don't need no vacation, and it's only fun to be wearing fine clothes all the time, or at least all day, as I do, but I don't see where the fun comes in. I like fine clothes as well as other folks, but there ain't no satisfaction in putting 'em on if they don't belong to me, and I can't wear seakins wrap on my back doesn't make me forget that my Sunday sarque cost only \$15, and if I buy a silk dress this year it will have to do me another winter."—New York Tribune.

Cotton Weaving in India.
The weaving of cotton into cloth was first done in India centuries ago. Nothing woven in America can compare with the slimy fabrics wrought in East Indian looms. One man will take months to complete a single piece which is so exquisitely fine that we cannot wonder that it is occasionally called "woven wind." Who but the elves or the brownies could sew seams in a web as dainty as this?

The true cotton of India, with the reddish purple flower, is grown about the temples of the Hindus, and from its yellowish fibers is made the sacerdotal tripartite thread of the Brahmins—the emblem of their trinity.—Harper's Young People.

No Trouble.
"Why, Peter, this is the third time you have come here begging. That is rather too much, you know?"
"Ach, sure, your reverence, it's no trouble at all. I haven't so far to walk!"—Lustige Historien.

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How Philadelphia Is Numbered.
Philadelphia is a model in regard to the street numbers, and its regularity enabled its houses to be numbered in so instructive a way that the plan has been copied in many other cities of the Union.

When, for example, one walks up Walnut street, he finds the first door above Ninth street to bear No. 901. This although the next house below it, across Ninth, is let us say, 849. The plan does not tell how many doors there are in the street, but it does something much better; it shows in the hundreds figure or figures of the number in what particular block a door is to be found.
If a tailor advertises coats at 1,013 Walnut street, or any street parallel with it, we know his door to be the seventh above Tenth street. Tenth street itself, and all the thoroughfares running in the same direction, conform to the system, and begin a new block with a new hundred for a number. This makes it not only very easy to find one's way about the city, but also to tell in advance how long it will take to get from one place to another.
In hotels and large office buildings a somewhat similar plan is adopted, greatly to the aid of guests and callers. Room 417, for example, will be found on the fourth floor; immediately beneath it will be 317 on the third floor, and over it 517 on the fifth.—Youth's Companion.

A Grammatical Proposal.
Both were young and handsome. Both had only recently graduated—one from a female, and the other from a male institution of learning. Both had been silent admirers for over a year. Both were inexperienced in the art of love making, which, although practiced by college students, is not taught in colleges. He wanted to propose; she wanted him to do so. He did not know how to do it; she did not know how to teach him, but the conversation happened upon grammar—nouns and verbs, etc. He saw his opportunity. This is how he improved it, and how she snatched at it:—
He—Can you decline "love?"
She—I cannot.
He—Can you conjugate?
She—Certainly. I love you—
He—Stop! Can you form a conjunction?
She—Just ask me. He is not much of a grammarian, but I'll go and teach him his lesson.
Pa was an apt pupil, and in half an hour all the apparently insurmountable obstacles had been overcome.—New York Herald.

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This is the only medicine that has been recognized by the highest international exhibitions for the superiority of the preparation for the face, hair, and skin. It is a true and genuine. Get the genuine.